

INTEGRITY

25¢ a Copy



December, '49 Vol. 4, No. 3

SUBJECT — ONE WORLD

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL - - - - -	1
THE MASSES LOST TO THE CHURCH	
By MARY REED NEWLAND - - - - -	4
THE UNITY OF THE WORLD	
By PETER MICHAELS - - - - -	15
UNITY: ASCETIC OR ACETYLENE?	
By JOHN C. HICKS - - - - -	22
"HOW SMALL THE WORLD IS!"	
By GRACE HURRELL - - - - -	31
DETACHMENT	
By ELIZABETH WILLIAMS - - - - -	35
BOOK REVIEWS - - - - -	45
SONG OF A CHRISTIAN (a Poem)	
By SR. ST. FRANCIS, S.S.J. - - - - -	48

INTEGRITY is published by lay Catholics and
dedicated to the task of discovering the new
synthesis of **RELIGION** and **LIFE** for our times.

Vol. 4, No. 3

December 1949

Published Monthly by Integrity Publishing Co., 346 East 86th Street, New York 28, N. Y., TR 9-5176. Edited by Edward Willock and Carol Jackson. Entered as Second Class Matter October 14, 1946 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1897. All single copies 25 cents each; yearly subscriptions: domestic \$3.00, Canadian \$3.50, Foreign \$4.00.

INTEGRITY IS INDEXED IN THE CATHOLIC PERIODICAL INDEX.

EDITORIAL



HUMAN events have their own immediate significance, whether tragic or joyful, whether or not conducive to loss of souls or bodies. Beyond that, though, they fit into a larger pattern, each event taking its significance from its own place in the progress of all created things toward the end destined by God.

It is useful occasionally for us to raise our eyes from the immediacy of human happenings to this wider context in which events find ultimate meaning. It is especially useful at the present time because we are in one of those great transitional periods of history wherein the meaning of particular events is obscure, their impact discouraging, except in the context of the larger whole. But if we do raise our eyes can we discern what is happening in the main stream of creation's progress toward the deity?

Great thinkers of our time, inside and outside of the Church, see the meaning of contemporary events focused around the unification of the human race. They point to the near reality of "one world." They say that the globe has shrunk now that we can traverse it in a couple of days, and communicate with its furthest ends almost instantly. They show us the fact of tremendous economic interdependence of all peoples in the face of diminishing resources and increased desire. They indicate the unifying effects of ideologies, religions and cultures which have crossed all national barriers through the instrumentality of propaganda agencies, business men and missionaries, of printed matter, radio and movies. Finally, they have only simply to state that the atom bomb threatens the extinction of the whole human race.

Seen in a wider context then, the significance of the contemporary unrest, of this tremendous era of wars, upheavals and changes, seems to be this: human problems are moving into a global stage, the mysterious progress of creation will henceforward be on a world pattern. In preparation for this, today's crisis is, as Cardinal Suhard has said again and again, a *crisis of unity*.

So it is first necessary to see that all the major problems of today are world problems, which demand a global solution. Indeed, the proposed answers are global too. Communism proposes

a *world* order. There is also an eclectic, mystical world religion which started in the East with pseudo-Buddhism and which finds its Western expression in various esoteric groups.

Then there is the half-religious "democracy" that is interlarded with the genuine product, in which it is a sin to rise above a prevailing mediocrity, and the benefits of which we should like to impose on all peoples. There is Freemasonry, which is a universal transcendent brotherhood. Even big business has its global aspects and some of its more devout worshippers have hoped to bring about world peace through the ubiquity of business machines and American-type plumbing.

Among and above all of these is the true universality of Christ in His Mystical Body, the Catholic Church.

What we are now witnessing is a race among all the contestants for universality, to give the modern world a stable, global form. "The greatest tragedy of our day (again Cardinal Suhard) is that the modern world should take form without the Church."

Our duty as Christians, then, is to think in terms of a world order, to have global minds. We must learn to look at all the problems under our noses in the light of the universal problems of which they are facets.

In this issue of INTEGRITY we have merely opened the subject of world unity. Perhaps it is better to say that we have poked at it from various angles. We doubt that it will be immediately apparent how each of the included articles relates to the central problem, so we will explain the connection briefly in the editorial.

First, this question is bound up with the mystery of the Incarnation, because it revolves around the ability of the Christian to give form to (to be the soul of) a variety of social orders. That is why we have treated it at Christmas time. That is also why we have included Mary Reed Newland's article on "The Masses Lost to the Church." We wanted to show in detail and locally that it is true as the Popes have said so long ago, that the masses *are* lost to the Church. Their Catholicism is only a thin, superstitious veneer. There is virtually nothing left to nourish or strengthen. The Church must be re-Christianized and according to the new forms of Christianity *lived*, which we must develop in ways suitable to our own day.

Then there are two articles ("How Small the World Is" by Grace Hurrell and "Detachment" by Elizabeth Williams) which deal with the paradox at the heart of the problem of unity. We must at the same time withdraw from our fellows and embrace

them. The reason is that it is Christ Who unifies, so we have to draw near Him before we are united to each other by His life in us.

Not everyone who is selling unity has the genuine product. The greatest danger now is not that Christians will refuse to think in universal terms but that they will fall into the false synthesis being made by science and technology. We think John C. Hick's article ("Unity: Ascetic or Acetylene?"), contrasting the true and false in this regard, is very profound and will save many people from being misled.

Finally, we have briefly outlined the main teaching of the Church about how and why and on what basis the world will attain unity.

THE EDITORS

The Pope's Intentions for the Holy Year (Feast of the Nativity 1949 - Feast of the Nativity 1950)

1. *That each one by prayer and penance should make expiation for his sins and should so strive for a Christian reform of morals and for Christian virtue that this great Jubilee shall have as its finest flower THE UNIVERSAL RETURN OF ALL MEN TO CHRIST.*

2. *That we insistently beg of God that the fidelity due to Our Divine Redeemer and to His Church be maintained by all with an inflexible spirit and an energetic will.*

3. *That the rights of the Church be maintained inviolate and entire against all plots, deceits, and persecutions.*

4. *That all those who are not illumined by the light of Catholic truth, but wander from the right road, that even those who hate and deny God, be enlightened by light from above, enfolded by divine grace and led back to obedience to the precepts of the Gospel.*

5. *That everywhere, but especially in Palestine, tranquility reign through a just solution of problems, so that diverse social classes, smothering hatreds and putting aside disputes, may join together in justice and fraternal concord.*

6. *That the impoverished may obtain the wherewithal to live decently from their own labors, and when these fail, may receive the necessities of life and suitable assistance from the liberality and charity of those who are better off.*

7. *Finally, that peace may return to the hearts of all—within the home, in every nation, in the universal community of all peoples.*

Jubilaeum Maximum

The Masses Lost to the Church

It is hard to remember just exactly how I saw tobacco workers before I became one myself, through what mist of sentiment and emotion I gathered the impressions I did. But by dint of great effort, I can still grope back and reconstruct a kind of gauze curtain of false impressions which, sad to say, seem to be quite general and so successfully mask the real state of affairs that to find out is like being pounded by a volley of hard body punches.

For a great many apparent reasons and some of His own not quite so apparent at the time, God saw fit to have me cast my lot with the tobacco workers in the Connecticut Valley this past season, and life will never be quite the same again. Because most of them are either foreign-born or first-generation Americans, I felt a kind of glow for these people. Most "good Catholics" are inclined to be both possessive and sentimental about the nationalities coming from Catholic countries, and because the majority of these were Poles, Lithuanians and French Canadians one assumes they are all not only Catholics, but devout Catholics. The older women still have that air of "old country" about them, even in their American clothes, and the younger generation retains a slight accent that betrays familiarity with the mother tongue still spoken in their homes. All this would automatically conjure up for me a chain reaction of images: mothers of large families, hard working, humble, meek, with bright kitchens at home filled at holiday time with the traditional breads and coffee cakes, as well as the many children, happy and gay after returning from Midnight Mass at Christmas time or early Mass Easter morning (assuming all the while that the return from Mass was a weekly occurrence the year-round). I can still see myself smiling sweetly on these little ones, the humble, good, faithful little ones who are barely noticed in the confusion of the American scene but who, I would be saying to myself, are raising fine strong children, of such good stock, to make the new generation richer by the many national strains which would be poured together in future marriages and eventual children. Came one fine morning when I reported to work in tobacco. And the weeks that followed were nightmarish. The whole peaceful picture broke and reassembled and what I finally had to admit was the truth of the matter was, without exaggeration, heartbreaking.

The Myth of Class Solidarity

One of the great misconceptions about the little man, I discovered, is the assumption that in the aggregate, he presents a

solid front of strength by virtue of his numbers, that there is a mutual loyalty between all the members of, in this case, the agricultural worker class and though their suspicions of the upper classes may be acid, among themselves love and goodness abound. From our yard across the road from the tobacco plantation, there appeared to be a solid mass of tobacco workers of the same social class, the same few nationalities and the same income level, knitted together by common religious belief.

From the inside looking out, it was quite another story. That they share the same occupation and income level is more a matter of local conditions than choice and it doesn't effect any kind of solidarity between them as individuals. As for national origins in common, bickering and jealousy and suspicion are just as rife here as they might be among any group of people picked at random from all the classes and all the nationalities. And the common religion seems more an accident of birth than a cohesive agent. Instead of being the rule by which they live in mutual love and compassion for one another, and which welds them into a solid class of Christian-minded workers, it is so shot full of holes by neglect and ignorance that what they have in common under the name of Catholic is a common resistance to most of the Church's teaching and a complete ignorance of what being a Catholic really means. And this, of course, is the answer to why no real unity exists among them.

Blasphemy

I walked into a tobacco tent one morning, crawled out on the end of a plank laid over a cold frame and applied myself to the knack of pulling tobacco plants. The fact that I was a stranger to most of them, that I myself was concentrating on this new art, and that it was seven o'clock and very wet and chilly accounts for the first few hours' occupational deafness. Then as the day warmed and pulling plants became automatic, the ear began to register conversations on one side and the other and suddenly I realized I was hearing, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, Jesus . . ." over and over again. The punctuation mark, the punch line, the showdown, the end of the gag: Jesus. It came with the regularity of a litany, as fast as it comes in the Rosary, and from people who have been bound close to Him in an especial way, by having been given the gift of the true faith, born in the lap of the Church. The name of Jesus does not come as often in the short half hour of a low Mass as it did in fifteen minutes of conversation between that group of tobacco-pulling Catholics. Jesus, Who hung there for three hours with the life dripping out all for love . . . someone was singing

a popular song about telling the world of "our new love divine"—then debating where "for Christ's sake" it was on the hit parade.

"Hey, Rosy, I think I'll cut my hair short."

"Oh Jesus."

Saint Bernard said: "Jesus is honey in the mouth, music in the ear, a shout of gladness in the heart." But not for these blessed with Baptism in His Name. Not even a curse most of the time. Only a word, not The Word, outranking even that most famous of all four-letter Anglo-Saxon words in popular use. First choice of all the words available to give a bang to a remark. Suddenly there is a fearful subtlety to His, "Not all those who cry, 'Lord, Lord' . . ."

Obscenity

Later a woman I knew asked me how I liked it. I said it was all I could stand to hear the name of Christ used with such abandon, and that the dirty words were hard to take, but I'd heard it would be even more than this: dirty talk, dirty jokes, in fact, I'd been told to expect filth by the bucketful and in that light it wasn't all I'd anticipated. She was a woman I thought I knew, who had visited my home periodically, spending the time pleasantly and with admirable restraint in conversation, I have since decided. She knew me better than anyone else and although not intimately, well enough to label me "religious." In this parish anyone who goes to Communion weekly is labelled "religious." So in no time the tobacco grapevine had it from my friend that I was a religious woman and for my benefit and the sport it promised, the air was rent and spewed forth filth in abundance. There ensued such a downpour of utter filth that I could not begin to describe it. There is no remark made, once the onslaught begins, no most innocent remark, innocuous pleasantry, comment on the weather, that is not immediately twisted into some base insinuation. There is no human act which is not side-splitting in its many-faceted opportunities for more fun and filth. There is no shred of nobility left the "little less than the angels," and, it would seem, no possibility of ever retracing the steps and finding once again man, that nature established in "wondrous dignity and even more wondrously renewed." How, one wonders, can they live with their own bodies when their minds are so conditioned to associations of utter degradation in respect to each of their parts? How is it ever to be possible for the divinely ordained purpose of the body to be driven home? How could they ever see in the sublimely useful union in marriage anything but a situation which serves as a basis for a dirty joke?

I heard only one other woman react to it negatively, a Polish widow the rest consider "vulgar." She said: "My God! I gotta confess myself before I go to Church after this!"

When I "confessed myself" later and said to the priest: "I've been working in tobacco, but then I don't suppose you'd know what I mean. . ." He interrupted: "Oh yes, but I do. And you feel dirty inside as well as out. While we have to watch these people send their fourteen-year old girls and boys in there to work, and know when they get out they'll never be the same. Nor can we do anything about it—except pray."

Futility of Preaching

But what do you say at the time? Do you preach, stand up and harangue, or wag your finger or flail the air with your arms? You know in no time that any or all would be less than effective. Witness an example:

Before the tobacco season starts in earnest with pulling plants, a crew of women sew tent cloth over the fields and with each sewer works a pinner, on this particular plantation usually one of a gang of Jamaicans. Several of the Jamaicans there this season were called "Preachers." What their affiliation was I never found out but they had apparently been indoctrinated by missionaries and they took their religion very seriously. This same woman who started the session of dirty jokes had worked with one of the preachers at sewing time. He took it upon himself to warn her she must "repent," that it was hardly fitting for a mother to be cursing and swearing and telling dirty stories, and even to be working away from home where her children probably needed her. (Her husband has a good job—her working is not a matter of dire necessity. One of her sons has appeared several times in juvenile court charged with various delinquencies.) She went to the boss after a day of Moses' preaching and said: "You take that g—d— Moses and put him pinning for somebody else or I quit. I ain't going to listen to any more of his lousy preaching. Who the hell does he think he is, anyway?" And Moses was put to pinning for someone else.

You don't preach or admonish. You hear it, and you say acts of contrition, and when it is all over you observe that "it ain't funny." The best you can do is rob them of whatever strange satisfaction they get out of trying to bait you, by just not reacting at all. In individual conversations you can walk away or quash it aborning, but not with a group. If your example serves only to puzzle them, it has borne a little fruit. Personal purity is a notion so foreign as to need explaining and the universal impurity

of our society has spread like a dye until everything is stained. Now black looks white because everything is black. "Everybody does it"—and once more the exception proves the rule. Sex has become a kind of mean; it is a middle-ground around which revolve, in varying degrees, occupations and preoccupations, conversations and recreations and the subject from which it stands the most remote is creation. Its entertainment value seems to be infinite, and only when it is suspected that there is more to it than frivolity does it cease to be entertaining.

Racial Prejudice

Another thing you take for granted is that these people are probably more tolerant. First of all, because this is the North. And second, because especially for the Poles and Lithuanians, the problem of intolerance and slavery and all the rest is driven very close to home by their still intimate family ties in Europe, many of them in Soviet-dominated areas.

But when a discussion of the Negroes arose one morning, prompted by the Paul Robeson, Jr., marriage, the fierceness of their intolerance, their active hatred, was terrible to behold. I tried to make a few fundamental statements about all men being created equal, about Christ dying for the Negroes as well as the whites, and the din rose to such a pitch I could not even be heard. It was like trying to put out a fire in an ammunition dump with your bare hands. For the first time in my life I saw an exhibition of violence in conversation that fell little short of the lynching stage.

The ironic part of it was that we were working side by side with the finest type of Negro boys every day. After the southern high schools and colleges end their spring terms, many of these plantations bring up large groups of Negro students to work in tobacco during the summer. Almost without exception, these boys are working to earn tuition for further education. They aren't particularly in love with working in the North but their salaries are banked for them and it is one way of assuring they will have saved something by fall. There were seventy or eighty of them at this farm, living in their own boarding house, employing their own chef and working under their own bosses, and for a group of boys falling within the juvenile delinquency age bracket, they behaved in a way bordering on perfection.

One of them who worked beside me for a while had been his high school's star athlete. He had been offered an all-expenses-paid scholarship to a big southern university (not known for its benevolent attitude toward the Negro) to play football and basketball but turned it down for a scholarship to Moorehouse College

in Atlanta. His major was to be physics and the principal of the high school where he was graduated had told him he would have a place on the faculty of the high school after college graduation, if he maintained a high scholastic average. He was serious, well-bred and gentle, and incidentally, did not offer any of this information of his own accord. I dug it out of him. The morning of the dirty joke episode of painful memory, he and several others had worked throughout the whole session without saying a word, their eyes lowered and their faces completely blank. While the white women set the pace of the conversation and whipped it into shape, the white men working nearby finally "joined the party." These lads within a stone's throw gave lie to every shred of ugly accusation they could throw at the Negro, yet the incongruity never occurred.

Weakening of the Home

After we finished pulling plants we were sent to the fields to hoe. The early morning on a tobacco plantation, especially in the fields, is incredibly beautiful. The air is clean and crisp, the tent cloth crusted with dew, and the rich brown of the earth, the ordered green rows of plants, and the sweet smell of wet earth cannot help lifting the heart, any heart you would think, to God. All the rest of the world is shut out and you are enclosed in a space that seems midway between Heaven and Earth, where the simplicity and precise order of the scene demands an ordering of self. All distractions are absent, only you, your work, and God exist in a three-dimensional relationship. Those first few minutes were always so full of glory to God in the highest that the heart could burst with it. Outside the tent Moses would be working, pinning reinforcements over the tent sides and whistling a tune clearly and sweetly in the sun. I puzzled over it for quite a while, then realized it was, "Oh, He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own." And then, as surely as doom approaching, the pollution would start inside the tent. The dirty words, the dirty jokes, the constant punctuation of Jesus, Jesus, Jesus. And for background, "I don't see me in your eyes any more."

Four weeks had passed by that time and we were calling each other by first names, exchanging domestic news events and in general, were very well acquainted. Most of the talk centered around their own personal peregrinations and a large part of it had to do with their children. I wanted to find out more about that.

"Where is your little girl while you work?"

"Oh, my aunt takes her during the week. I get her weekends, unless we want to go to the stockcar races or the show, then my

aunt keeps her over the weekend too. We went to the stockcar races last weekend. Lotta crackups. Maybe I'll take her this weekend. You know, when we got married my husband had to take the instructions the priest gives outsiders who marry Catholics and we both had to sign a paper that we wouldn't do anything not to have children. When I had the kid the priest saw me one day and he said, 'I guess you meant what you said.' Now people ask me when I'm going to have another, but we say there's plenty of time. Of course we wouldn't do nothing . . ."

Over and over again: "My mother takes my kid while I work. Gee, you should see me getting out in the morning. I have to get my husband off and then my kid and I have to be ready at 6:30 for the bus to pick me up. Some job!"

Then a snatch of conversation not far from me: "Well—you ain't supposed to. That's the Catholic Church for you. (When it's something that rubs it is no longer "my Church," but the "Catholic Church.") You're supposed to have a kid every year. That one down there's got four and wants more! My God!"

Yet these women do not *have* to work. The work is there, there is money to be made, and the mother is there and she can take the "kid." So with precious few exceptions they get themselves up and out before even the earliest daily Mass has begun, farm out the kid and off they go to the tobacco fields. They practise mortifications a spiritual director would consider extreme—to get to the tobacco fields.

And pausing now to recall how many there were who really had to work, I can only think of five, two widows and three with semi-invalid husbands. The others, young and old alike, had husbands who were working, and had children who were checked daily like suitcases at their grandmothers'. One woman has three, the oldest not yet nine, which she left to shift for themselves while she and her husband both worked on this plantation. She used to say, "I got three and that's *enough*! I done my duty to my country."

Relationship to the Church

But what about Mass and religious obligations? Strangely, more go to Mass than stay away. I had seen one old Lithuanian woman at Mass one Sunday, a woman who has lived a dreadfully hard life, raised ten children and from what gossip there was about her, meekly took a great deal of abuse from several of her sons.

"I saw you at Mass yesterday," I told her.

"Yes? Oh yes, I go—makes the day shorter."

One of the topics of conversation, religious-wise, which seemed to be especially absorbing was the subject of "bad priests."

It is always odd to find that people who know very few priests always know of so many bad ones. People who know nothing of celibacy, and by virtue of their own dirtied minds are incapable of even comprehending what celibacy means, always claim to be well-versed in the comings and goings of the "bad priests." Then in the next breath they will express enormous compassion for their supposed badness—"after all, they're only human." It is impossible to convince them that humanity can include celibacy or make clear the whole concept of the priestly calling. They feel the Church is rather mean even to ask such a sacrifice of a man and they *expect* him to fail in it, nor will they believe that he does not. This not only applies to priests but laity as well. Here again you see that personal purity is an aspect of Christian life which has no meaning any more, or if they do get the gist of its meaning, the reaction is a sly, "Oh yeah?" My Polish widow friend took a constant battering from them on the subject of her own suggested "difficulty." She tried vainly to protest, then confided to me that she was "all right—with just my home and my sons and daughters, but they don't believe me!" Yet what is most exasperating of all is the preface to these tales: "Now don't get me wrong, I'm a good Catholic, but I know a priest . . ."

They boast endlessly of their own charity in avoiding gossip about their friends and neighbors (particularly perfect when friend or neighbor is hoeing tobacco in front or behind you—but just let her trot down to the water barrel for a drink and there is always time to get in a few good licks). One time I'd had about all I could take of "bad priest" talk, following close on the heels of the "I don't believe in ripping my friends down the back" line, and I observed that the philosophy was indeed a beautiful one but it was strange how it fell apart as soon as priests became the topic of the day. Then it was up and at 'em and the devil take the hindmost. Later a woman who has a sister in the Franciscan Order assured me that she didn't hold with this business of saying things about priests either. "I was always told that you shouldn't say nothing bad about a priest—something might happen to you." She held forth for quite a while on the mysteries of nun-ship, as viewed firsthand, what kind of nightgowns her sister had to wear and how she took her final "vowells" twenty years ago.

Here is a strange, empty kind of faith—motivated apparently by some superstitious fear of retribution if the outward forms are not observed. And yet so appallingly bare of any context that one wonders why it holds together at all. You keep asking yourself where is the key to it all? Then, like the man so close to the trees

he can't see the forest, it dawns all in a rush that at no point does even a vague understanding of *love of God* enter into it. It is a habit, and with increasing speed it is beginning to be considered a kind of pointless habit, and God seems to play no part at all in this relationship between the individual and the Church. She is looked at resentfully as a finger-wagging moralist, harping constantly on doctrines they find impractical. Her magnificent role as the Bride of Christ, His Beloved, is never even glimpsed.

One of them once remarked that her father was nuts, he was a religious nut and going to church too often made him that way. I took exception to this and she came back at me with:

"You don't think so? Well listen to this—*he goes every day!*"

I suggested that it was not necessarily the daily attendance at Mass that made him nuts, if he were nuts, and she asked suspiciously:

"Well, would you go every day?"

"I would if I could."

"Do you go every day?"

"When I can."

"Well, I don't see it. I go to church and I say my prayers and I light a candle and the rest, but by God I ain't trotting to church every day, and I guess God sees me just as good right here out in the open as He would if I was dragging myself in and out of the church all the time."

But let some member of the family die, some brother or uncle or father who has really lapsed in his faith and neglected his duties, and the whole family is weeping and wailing on the rectory steps, begging for a Catholic burial, and the poor harrassed priests are faced with having to sort out all kinds of hysterical evidence and arrive at some kind of conclusion about the state of the deceased's spiritual life.

There was all this and more. Yet as the weeks rolled by the picture merely solidified. Nothing that transpired disproved any of the already inescapable conclusions, only verified them.

One time, when we had finished hoeing and were stringing lathe in the sheds, I was being not too subtly roasted for having taken exception to a particularly foul stream of language. The woman boss propounded at great length her own philosophy.

"I ain't never done nothing to be ashamed of. By God, I brought up my kids, I gave them everything they wanted (there are two and one is already divorced), I worked hard and earned every cent I got. I don't think a little swearing now and then is

no sin and I don't think God's going to send me to Hell just because I cuss once in a while. What the hell—I don't wanna be no saint, do you Mary?"

Well, here goes, I thought. "Yes, as a matter of fact, I do. We are all supposed to be saints."

"Whaaat!" She stood there so stunned she could find no words to answer, but scurried off to the other end of the shed to report the latest. "Now wait till you hear *this!* *That* one says she wants to be a *saint!*"

If I hadn't accomplished the task of pigeon-holing myself as the all-American screwball before that, it was finally done.

Capitulation to the System

There is one more side to the picture. The whole dignity of their role as man, child of God, created in His image and likeness, is so lost to these people that not only are they exploited in a spectacularly frightful manner (low wages, long hours, bad working conditions) but they expect to be. There is a certain amount of grumbling but along with it a wry respect for their employer because he can get away with it. And over and above that, fawning gratitude when the pay checks are handed out. Their goals are exactly what their employer has achieved for himself: an accumulation of money and possessions and by means of these, a pursuit of recreations. If he has been able to acquire all this, whether by fair means or foul, then "you gotta hand it to him."

The hours are long, the work brutal, and by various clever maneuvers on the part of the bosses, ten minutes extra here and ten minutes extra there are squeezed out of the workers every day—unpaid for. Once sewing time is reached (the operation where the leaves are sewn on the lathe and hung to cure in the sheds) the sewers go on piece-work pay and it is virtually impossible for anyone but an experienced sewer to make the equivalent of a day's pay at hourly rates. When the supply of tobacco runs out and the sewers must wait for more, or when a shed is filled and the sewers must be transported to another shed, perhaps a half-mile away, it is done on the workers' time—no pay. At this point, of course, the maneuvers to squeeze extra time out of the day are abandoned. No profit in it when you have to pay the sewers for what they do on the extra time. Yet when someone approached them a year ago and made an attempt to organize them, they shied away from it like a lot of frightened rabbits. They refer to it as if someone had asked the ultimate in treachery to employers.

One day we were sewing in heat that bordered on 100°, and that with the strain of trying to sew fast enough to make a few

dollars had people on the verge of folding up all over the place. Finally it got so impossible that several at my end of the shed simply let down. We started a bantering conversation in an attempt to by-pass the heat and wait it out until five o'clock. Suddenly someone slapped me across the legs with a lathe and one of the bosses, a woman, was hissing in my ear: "Mary, for Christ's sake shuttup! Don't you know the Big Shots are here!"

The Big Shots were the bookkeeper, who signs the salary checks, and the superintendent of all the syndicate farms. And for all the hellish heat and the genuine exhaustion, everyone else had lapsed into reverent silence and stepped up their sewing pace. Not one of them seemed to feel any resentment that they should be expected to work at top speed through that feverish day. The Big Shots, I might add, were attired in Palm Beach suits, or reasonable facsimiles, and stood there for fifteen minutes gazing up at the tobacco already hung and the sweating high schoolers who were clinging to the rafters high up in the peak of the shed, hanging the stuff in a temperature even more brutal than we were feeling on the ground.

There is a young couple who lives in one of the company shacks on the farm, a stone's throw away from a brand new shed which is wired with electricity and equipped with a fabulously expensive fertilizer mixer and a new aluminum roof. Not once has it occurred to them to resent the fact that for a few dollars and a few hours' work, the company could wire their shack and make it possible for the girl to have electric lights and use her washing machine. On the contrary, they are grovelling gratefully for the privilege of having the leaky roof over their heads. The house has no toilet either, but it looks out over acres and acres of the highest priced tent tobacco grown. Their rent is deducted from the man's salary, of course—while up at the barns work horses are stabled under electric lights and with running water outside their stalls. The horses pay no rent.

* * *

And how are we to remedy the near apostasy of these little ones? Not just by preaching. Preaching is the voice crying in the wilderness in the face of spiritual atrophy like this. By good example? Always necessary, but not enough alone. Too often it looks more like folly than anything else and though it may give them pause now and then, it doesn't work the miracle that is needed here. Maybe we have to start much further back than we imagine, and pay a price much greater than we have dreamed.

MARY REED NEWLAND

The Unity of the World

All human beings belong to the same species; but that does not mean that they live in peace and mutual love. On the contrary, they seem to be doing just the reverse; so much so that the species is now threatened with self-extinction. Under the dire threat of the atom bomb there is a lot of hard thinking going on about how to unite all peoples and countries in at least concord and order. We are reminded, for instance, that we are brothers, members of one great human family. But we knew that already, and the knowledge has not prevented fratricide.

There are many proposed systems for unifying all men. The most important, other than Christianity, is now communism. The communists propose a totalitarian world government obtained through force and deceit, maintained by terror. They would impose an unnatural economy based on technology, and would regiment men's thinking in conformity with their mystical materialism. Ultimately, communism is neither a political nor an economic system but a religion which absorbs all the political, social, economic and other functions of men.

Granted, as we are beginning to realize, that Christians have to oppose this global communism with a global Christianity, it is necessary to consider what, in fact, the Church does teach about the unification of the world.

A Transcendent Unity

The Church teaches that there will not be any harmonious unity of humanity on the natural human level. In order for humanity to realize itself it will have to rise above itself. In a word, the unity of the world has to be based on the *supernatural* elevation of men. It is no more possible for the world to be unified on the natural level than it is for individual men without grace to accomplish the integration of their faculties and functions. The reason is to be found in original sin.

As in Adam there was a natural war of his faculties, body against soul, owing to the fact that he combined in his nature the spiritual and material orders, so in the world of men there are a multitude of conflicting interests and overlapping claims which avarice, greed, envy and the other sins have intensified over the centuries into wars, unjust systems, and traditional national hatreds. The corrective of Adam's native potentiality to self-discord lay in the gift of integrity which he had and lost and which is

approximately regained only through grace and holiness, owing to the merits of Christ.

We are familiar with the effects of Christ's redemption in so far as they concern each man individually and his salvation. We are less familiar with the same doctrine as it applies to humanity considered as a totality, the human species. In this regard theologians point out that Adam is the father and head of the human race as the progenitor of all our flesh, but that Christ is the new head, through having taken on human flesh at the Incarnation. He took a particular human body, but actually engrafted the whole human race to His divinity at the same time, because we are all related to each other, and now to Christ, in the flesh. What Christ accomplished was the actual, though virtual, elevation of the whole human species to a share in His supernatural life. Everyone is included in that elevation, though in varying degrees. Unbaptized pagans are related to Christ through an unrecognized reflection of the divinity. They are potential members of Christ's Body. Then there are the actual members, the dead ones who through mortal sin have reduced their sharing to a minimum, and the active members who participate in the life of the Mystical Body in varying degrees.

Two things about this doctrine are important to us here. One is that *at this level* of incorporation in Christ the human species can attain a true unity. The other is that temporal history is precisely a record of the progress toward God of the totality of the human race.

The Church

The means of unification of the human race was established by Christ during his earthly life. The application of that unity and redemption is made in time, by Christ still, but by an extension of His life and His Human Body, called the Church. The Church really is a living body, an organism. Christ is its head, reigning visibly through His Vicar the Pope. We are its members (like the arms and the legs and the cells of a regular human body), living a supernatural life which comes to us from our head. It is a true unity for all members share in the life of the same person, Christ.

It is this Catholic Church which is intended to be the vehicle for the unification of men. That is the deepest reason why the Church has to go to the far ends of the world to seek membership. Men can be saved without officially belonging to the Church, although it is harder that way. Yet they should belong to the Church for there is a totality of creation to be unified and brought to God, as well as souls one by one.

Everyone is Meant to be a Catholic

Does that mean that the world will have to become Catholic before it will successfully attain a world order? How reluctant people are (even Catholics) to subscribe to such an idea! We have fallen into the habit of thinking it is right, normal and satisfactory for the Indians to be Hindus, the Arabs to be Moslems, the Chinese to be Buddhists and our neighbors to be Protestants.

We persist in thinking this way, though even the partial good which really does exist in heretical and pagan religions has become so weak or corrupted that it scarcely serves its adherents at all and they are open prey for any strong force that comes along, probably communism.

But to get back to the question: does the world have to become Catholic before it will attain peace and order? It would be unwise to answer that question with a straight "yes" because that would conjure up all sorts of misconceptions. The truth is deeper and more radiant than a simple "yes" would suggest. It would be better first to clarify a few notions.

The Universality of the Church

The first difficulty is that Catholics themselves are not today very catholic. There is a lot of parochialism which colors the lives of the ordinary Catholic laity, giving the lie to the outsider in regard to the Church's claim of universality. The word "Catholic" often suggests the idea of "Irish Catholic," and scares off those of temperaments unsympathetic to the Celtic. Eastern-Rite Catholics in America have received (and still do in some places) precious little sympathy, or even toleration, from those of the Latin Rite. Furthermore, missionaries in the past (not so much now) have taken not only Christ and His Sacraments to the heathen but also a slab of drab Western, nineteenth-century culture and customs as well, so that Catholic churches in the Far East often stand out as anachronisms and eyesores by comparison with the delicate grace of the pagan temples.

Happily a reform of this sort of parochialism has been under way in the Church for a long time. It was really a denial of the universality of the Church, much in the same way that the ordinary American Catholic stifles the apostolicity of the Church when he refuses to give Christ to his associates and neighbors.

Universality is one of the marks of the Church and it is the only true universality that the world will ever find. It consists in this: it unifies while preserving diversity. The Church gives the life of Christ to all people and this life is capable of infinite

variety of material expression. Just as every saint has a unique and very marked personality, yet all saints alike manifest Christ, so Christianity can produce any number of cultures, each distinct, yet each Christian. It can produce an authentic Chinese Christianity which will preserve and bring to perfection all the essential characteristics of the Chinese. It can do the same with the Indian or the Japanese cultures—Christianize them without destroying them, indeed at the same time perfecting them. And not in a calculated way either, as something planned, or pasted on, but as an organic growth according to the spirit of the people. That is why the Popes insist on developing a native clergy everywhere as soon as possible. That is why there is the possibility of making Chinese a liturgical language. That is why certain far-seeing missionaries are asking for volunteer lay people to go to the Far East to plant themselves, as it were, in native society and fertilize the development of a Christian culture. What is asked of these laity is that in so far as is humanly possible they abandon their Western identity and clothe themselves with the mind and heart of the East so that Christ can use them as instruments for an indigenous Christian civilization.

The *unity* of the Church's universality lies in the person of Christ, Who is head of the Church and Whose life flows through all the members. The *diversity* of the Church's universality lies in the matter which this life infuses, with all the distinctions of temperament, function and ability which mark the human race.

All rival claimants for universality attain unity only at the price of uniformity. This is particularly true of communism which uses technology as its instrument of unification. It offers not one Life but one *way of life*, and in this respect capitalism has been its precursor. It was capitalism that introduced the business man into the non-Christian world where the Church had formerly sent missionaries. Now following on the ground prepared by the business man, is the industrialization of these countries. The factory is the great source of uniformity—with its mass production all nations begin to dress alike, according to centralized designs, drive the same cars, build houses alike, etc. Accompanying this standardization of externals is a mass propaganda effort to create a uniform mentality through movies, radio and other technical instruments issuing the great doctrine that it is a sin for one man to be different from the next. Communism openly works toward a classless society in which individual differences will be obliterated. We Americans echo the same doctrine more politely. This is the era of the great leveling, with the Church the only

hope of maintaining authentic diversity, the only instrument for preserving, while perfecting, the human personality.

Organic Unity

Is it necessary for the world to become Catholic before it can attain a global harmony? The answer is that the Catholic Church alone can unite the world without destroying it, and it seems as though in God's Providence the moment to set the foundation for that unity has come; there can be no retreat to more local and partial manifestations of Christian order.

This unification is more a matter of giving the world *form* than it is of numerical conversion. In the past the method of conversion was to convert one person after another, or possibly one family or one village, to make certain that the converts would support each other against relapsing. But over and above the catechetical effort, Christian missionaries have always brought some temporal benefit to pagans, both as a free act of charity and because the Church is interested in the temporal as well as the eternal welfare of all men. Sometimes the Church brought schools and hospitals, sometimes newspapers or rice, according to the needs of the people. What the people everywhere need now is not so much medicine or food or even education—what they need is *civilization*—a new one replacing (and salvaging the residual good in) the old ones which are everywhere vanishing. The Church today must bring the world a new social order, with legal systems, economic techniques, governmental modes, a daily culture, instruments of popular education—in fact, a whole new world. If it brings people this Christian structure of society, then the people themselves will be naturally channeled into the Church. If Catholicism does not bring this structure the communists will, and conversions will be almost impossible, so sharply will Christian morals go against the grain of everyday life.

So, to say that the world must be Catholic before it has unity means primarily that it must attain a Catholic structure, be Christ-centered in its institutions, and that this effort must be concomitant with the conversion effort, possibly even preceding mass conversions, at least in some places.

Take the United States, for example, because our own is one of the great missionary territories. Whether or not America goes Catholic will be more a result of a social ferment, of a realization of our principles in newspapers, schools, labor unions, etc. than it will be a result of proselytizing by the nearly-pagan Catholics that most of us are. It is a wonder that we somehow do manage to

convince a few other people of at least the sacramental reservoir or the doctrinal truth of our faith.

The situation today is parallel to that of the Western world during the Dark Ages. Then, given a virgin Europe populated by rude barbarian tribes, the Church had at once to develop a civilization and Christianize the people. Today in the face of a world-wide crisis and of the tremendous developments of science and technology, the Church has at once to Christianize and civilize, or re-civilize, on a global scale. As the material circumstances of the two cases are radically different, so will today's solution be radically different from that of the Middle Ages.

Legitimate Distinctions Kept

To say that the world will, please God, become Catholic is not to say, of course, that the Pope will become king of the world, but that the Mystical Body will be conterminous with the human race. Just how civil and temporal affairs will be synchronized with the ecclesiastical Church structure remains to be worked out, but, from what is going on now in the Church and from what the Popes have said, it looks as though this harmony will be attained through the maturation of the laity in the Mystical Body. When the Church needed to bring men hospitals, schools, orphan asylums, and leprosariums, good things which are not precisely the work of the clergy, then the Church developed religious orders of brothers and sisters. Now that the work is to give the world *civilization*, to form and develop a new temporal order, this again cannot be done by the Bishops and priests. Neither does it fall within the province of religious orders. The Church's answer appears to be a mature and responsible, formed laity. When we do get formed lay leaders, docile to the hierarchy, but in a manner suited to adults, not infants, then strife like that between Church and State will vanish, because Christian statesmen will mold their lives and careers around the pursuit of the common good ordained to Christ. So it will be in every branch of life. The natural point of integration of the temporal and religious spheres is the Christian layman who by nature and vocation lives in both spheres and *has* to reconcile them.

The Sacrament of Unity

When we talk about the laity and about politics, economics, and the temporal order, we are apt to forget what we stressed at the beginning of this article and what we shall stress again here, that men will be truly united with each other only on the supernatural plane, albeit this unity will overflow on and find expression in temporal institutions. Now the Church teaches that the chief

supernatural instrument of unity is the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. By receiving the Blessed Sacrament men are progressively engrafted on Christ and therefore live ever more intensively the same life. We speak truly of receiving not "union" but "Communion."

It is therefore significant that the Church has urged the laity to receive frequent or daily Communion. Also significant is the increasing devotion of our day to the Blessed Sacrament and the fact that the Sacrament is present, even if hidden to ordinary eyes, everywhere in the world, even behind the iron curtain. It is like the seed of new life and harvest, still germinating in the dark ground.

If we are nourished by the same life and if the same Holy Spirit animates us all to the work of our day, then we have a right to expect startling results in the way of unification. We ought to see lay Christians working and cooperating together on the basis of their Christianity, regardless of their accidental differences of race, or color, financial and social positions. We see that in the lay apostolate. Lay apostles from all countries, even those which are warring against each other, meet for the first time as old friends and dearly beloved ones, plunge immediately into deep conversation about restoring the world to Christ, quite naturally pray together, share their goods, proffer joyful hospitality to each other, scarcely even noticing worldly distinctions. Soon people will begin to say again, "See those Christians, how they love one another," and we will know indeed that a new world is being born.

PETER MICHAELS



NO MORNING STAR

The wise men wander in their search

To find a King, a Creed, a Church.

The Christians hardly do a bit

To prove to them that THIS IS IT!

Unity: Ascetic or Acetylene?

The unity of the world has ever been the scheme and dream of men. Today, even after a disastrous war, it is again the subject of hopeful discussion.

The brotherhood of man, however, is something to be regained rather than to be invented, since it was destroyed by Adam. Disunity stems from original sin. It is eventually assured in the promises of Christ to His Mystical Body, the Church, but we do not know how or when.

There have always been two essential plans of unity, that of God and that of the world. The question can be reduced to the life-long struggle between good and evil. What makes it complicated is the fact that, if those who believe in God lived according to their beliefs, all would be united in God. If the ways of the world were totally evil, there would be no problem.

It is as if the Devil were always repeating the original temptation, offering man a paradise without God. Thus in every age arises a movement toward the perfecting of man without God. In our age this movement is powered by science and technology.

Cardinal Shuster at Lourdes expressed it thus: "Over and against all human mystiques aiming at a unity which is purely bureaucratic and political and does not enter into the hearts of men, there stands the Catholic mystique seeking to elevate all those who are born of God."

The movement to unify the world in the Mystical Body of Christ ever goes on under the guarantee of its founder and head, Jesus Christ. In every age it opposes the current attempt at paradise without grace.

Today we have the attempt to unify the world through science and technology. These are bound to fail since they are godless. Russia is admittedly a godless technology. We in the United States hope to keep *both* God and technology.

The Factory and the Parish

We shall try to contrast the ways of the factory, as the unit of technology, with the ways of the parish, as the unit of religious life. We shall do so in religious terms since we believe that man cannot do without religion and if he overthrows the traditional religion he will make one of his own.

The attempt at unity by technology is a "human mystique aiming at unity." The organization of life for economic purposes has reached the stage of an ultimate where it must be compared with religion as an ultimate.

The Parish a Closed Corporation?

We compare the factory and the parish with the realization that those who live both in the factory and the parish have been more influenced by the former than by the latter. Atheism and secularism are negative and they succeed only in so far as the power of the Holy Spirit fails in its application by the members of the Body of Christ. Too many stand within the marketplace and study the Church, whereas they need to stand within the Church and study the marketplace.

There are too few to hold up the hands of the priest as the companions of Moses held up his hands. There are too few to take the consecrated bread out into the world in their bodies and let it shine in their lives.

We keep all the words of comfortable paganism and let them rule our lives, instead of the words of God which resound in the Church, and do not echo on the cliffs of stiff-necked paganism outside.

Upgraded Matter

Both the Church and the factory have their sacramental systems. The parish priest administers the Sacraments which are material things used as channels for God's grace, the life of the Mystical Body which flows from the Cross.

The factory has its sacraments which, by means of the priesthood of science, transform matter into all things necessary for the good life on earth.

The parish has its mind on eternity. It is rather careless of time and uses it to move slowly toward eternity. By projecting the Crucifixion through time in the continuous repetition of the Sacrifice of the Mass it makes time seem almost like eternity.

The factory uses time to organize all life on schedules. It rushes through time which it regards as a precious commodity that may run out at any moment. It organizes all the acts of technology as if trying to make permanent the temporal things that are placed on its altars.

The Church in its sacramental system uses the common things like bread, wine, oil, water, beeswax and salt. In contrast, the sacramental system of technology digs spoils from the very vitals of the earth like coal, oil, gas and ore. One uses the recurrent products of bountiful nature, the other the irreplaceable products of the chemistry of ages.

Gatherers and Scatterers

The sacraments of technology produce things through which wealth and power are obtained, and this is the holiness for which



*Say! Wha'd'ya suppose this me
seriously damaged, retu*



at anytime this product is
ker immediately!"

the devotees of the system work. Their faith is this: when as many achieve sufficiency of these goods of the factory as will be possible under a free technology, then all men will be united in the happiness of comfortable fullness.

The Russian version is to freeze the organization of technology so that the state guarantees the adequate distribution of work and rewards.

The parish, on the other hand, says that holiness or greater union with God comes through gradual elimination of the dependence on the products of the factory, and more recourse to the simple things of nature and the economics of God's Will.

Separation, for Life or Death

We draw attention to the two chief sacraments of the factory and of the parish, and their significance for the unity of all men.

Christ died to unify the world by bringing all men back to His Father. The parish perpetuates this death on the Cross and its wonderful efficacy in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, central function of the parish, and its greatest Sacrament, the Holy Eucharist.

By a divine paradox this Sacrifice and Sacrament signify unity by the separation of the body and blood of Christ, when the priest consecrates separately the bread and wine. This recalls and renews the Cross in an unbloody manner. By this separation and the communion of the faithful in the same bread the members of Christ's Body, the Church, are unified throughout the world, and unity is held out to all who will join with them.

In contrast, we name as the central sacrament of the priesthood of science and the diaconate of technology, the separation of the ultimate unity of matter—the atom. This signifies the greatest release of material power yet known, and it is postulated as an agent to give to more the possibility of salvation by technology. In fact, however, it is guarded as a great power of destruction, which stands as a threat between rival technologies who threaten to eliminate what they cannot convert.

Magnificent Means, Miserable Ends

Another note of contrast between these two religious systems is the use of means and ends.

The sacramental system of the parish uses simple means and accomplishes wonderful ends. With bread and wine and oil and water it accomplishes things which can only be finally written in Heaven. This is due, of course, to the action of the Holy Spirit through the medium of man and matter, and not to any human genius.

The factory, relying entirely on natural genius, uses wonderful means for trivial ends, or creates wonderful means which are put to trivial or sinful uses.

Technology organizes workers, beautiful buildings, the savings of thousands, the knowledge of many minds, and intricate machinery to produce soft drinks or chewing gum, or the feminine hipperies of the hour.

It produces intricate things like the auto, the aeroplane, and the television receiver. These things can be used for good but the auto is also used for much aimless travel and the slaughter of innocents, the aeroplane is the greatest means yet devised for mass murder, and television plays a prominent role in increasing the use of cigarettes, carbonated water, and chewing gum.

All Things Added

The Sacraments of the Church are channels of grace or unity with God, the only means of unity among men. The love of God and the love of neighbor are faces on the same coin.

The stockpiling from the sacraments of the factory puts all these things between the soul and God, and so becomes a channel of secularism, which is separation from God, the Devil's grace.

True sacraments can accomplish the brotherhood of man by making material things holy through their use for the good of men and glory of God. Secular sacraments achieve their ends through the use of holy things, the souls of men, for the benefit of the material wealth that is produced. They reverse the true order, as the Popes have said, so that matter is ennobled where men are degraded.

Worship of the Process

The attitude of the parish and the factory toward the results of their labors is widely different.

The Church honors the material means of the Sacraments as instruments and the result, God's grace, as most worthy of honor. She honors the products of grace in her saints, holy families, priests and sisters, and her militant lay people.

Look at the honored hierarchy of the factory. It consists of men concerned with the process, rather than the determination that something worthy is produced. Becoming is more honored than being. The concern is not with things suitable for a complete life, but merely with "production." Processors, organizers, managers are the elite. These are all concerned with producing parts rather than a completed thing.

The process becomes an end. A man owns tools and a shop and does not consider whether he will make something good, but what can be processed for a profit.

Of highest honor of all is he who processes the processor, the financier.

Organization or Growth

The parish and the factory differ in their organization. The Church to outsiders looks like a very efficient organization of men. Its longevity commands respect. They look at the hierarchy of function centered in the Pope, but do not consider that the sturdiness comes from the guidance of the Holy Spirit continually overcoming human weakness, rather than from human organizational ability.

The Pope is supreme in all matters of faith and morals but for most of us the parish priest is autonomous as regards our salvation. The family is the unit of the parish and all are united in love and the power of grace. The responsibility of the parish priest is heavy, as well as that of heads of families, and without grace they could not carry it.

The typical factory organization puts too much responsibility in the leaders and takes away so much from the lower orders as to insult their humanity. A machinery of organization is substituted for the judgment of men. Men are used by other men, and not integrated into the body.

The family and the parish are natural groupings welded by grace. In contrast, the modern world conducts its business by means of forced groupings such as labor unions, business associations, and national blocs.

The tendency for all these organizations to grow to enormous size precludes any unity based on natural human relationships and makes necessary the substitution of machines or parliamentary organizations, which lead to control by a few.

In the parish there is an emphasis on responsibility. It is especially brought out in the Sacrament of Penance.

In the forced groupings of the modern day the common man becomes comfortable in the shedding of responsibility. He becomes used to having an expert for every occasion and is conditioned by technology never to do anything for which he can hire a machine or a specialist.

It is little wonder that in this situation we tend toward unity of force, toward the use of technology by the unscrupulous few to control the apathetic multitude.

Unity by Mediocrity

An offshoot of forced unity is the unity of mediocrity which develops in modern politics and modern selling. Men are put into power for the sake of sales or votes, who have all individuality sanded off. They must be, as was remarked of a recent political appointee, men whose ability is not oppressive and whose principles are not alarming. The factory gets excited over nothing but profit, and avoids giving offense, especially that of mentioning sin to sinners.

The Semantics of Secularism

Our final exhibit is the variance in the communication methods of parish and factory.

The factory has at its command marvelous technical means for throwing words and pictures around. The parish communicates with the faithful through the liturgy, prayer, the preaching of the Gospel, and the writings of the saints.

Many have put forth the idea of unifying the world by means of a common language. It is not the difference in language that is the barrier so much as the difference in meaning.

The language of theology calls things by their right names. All of the technical wonder of modern communication is nullified by the habit of finding pretty names for evil things. The language of liturgy and theology speaks of things close to the human heart. The language of publicity, diplomacy, and advertising tries to bring artificial things close to the human heart by lies, the denial of sin, and the denial of God.

The ruthless statists use the lie bluntly. We use the perfumed lie, cleverly, good-humoredly, technically well-dressed, but a lie nevertheless. The biggest lie is the constant preaching of salvation through comfort and wealth, which we know in our hearts is a lie and which the wrath of God continually blue pencils by means of disaster.

Strong Meat of Doctrine

The only antidote against the weasel words of diplomacy, the opportunism of bureaucracy, and the soft pap of curdled copy, is the strong words of theology which puts the right labels on everything.

We cannot prosper in the false sacraments of technology, the use of words to disguise the truth, prettying sin with poetry and art, and basing security on the murder of future saints.

The Only Source of Unity is God

The members of the parish who live in the parish and also in the factory may object that we show a divorce where there is

none. They will say that the factory can be sanctified and that both are part of the community. Many members honor the factory on weekdays and the parish on Sundays and see no double allegiance in this.

If we are forced, as most of us are, to be members of both, then we are obliged to do all in our power to re-focus our whole life. As long as the factory chooses to do without God there is no compromise possible except a forced one.

The fruits of the factory are evident: much material wealth, but also the division between managers and workers, bureaucracy and, with iron inevitability, the welfare and warfare state.

If the factory has bitter fruit, it is because the parishioners who are attached to the true vine have become withered branches. The parishioners who have the means of salvation, have hoarded them until the sap ran dry. We are only stewards of our wealth, and this includes our talents and our faith, all must be shared. The famine that the world is suffering from is the famine of faith.

Unity must flow from God. The new life must flow from unity with God and must come from the parish which is as militant in the production of good works as the factory in the production of dead sea fruit. The parish has the camera with which the only true picture of the world can be taken. Only on the altar screen are the words of God manifested.

If we love God, all economic things will be added unto us, and if we are united with God, the unity with our brethren will be also added unto us. This is the simple answer and God revealed it, but it seems as if every age in gargantuan research and suffering must find out the hard way.

JOHN C. HICKS



GOD REST YE MERRY MONEYMEN

Hark the Herald Angels sing

All throughout the store.

Shepherds fleecing docile flock

As in days of yore.

"How Small the World Is!"

It is some time now since the song was first sung which told us "the more we are together the happier we shall be." Since then we most certainly live more and more closely together, but whether we are the happier for it may be doubted. Love makes for unity, but does closeness make for love? In the beginning, before human nature was spoiled by sin, it would have been true. But today we are closer, by means of air travel, radio and so on, than men were even a century ago. Yet it is in modern times that we get what are truly named "great" wars—following quickly one upon another. Nowadays we are so well informed as to the customs, troubles and fashions of the rest of the world that we feel almost as if we could rely upon the reactions of our fellow-man in Iceland or India to any given event. We might well say all the world is our neighbor—unlike the man in Holy Scripture who required information on the point and so obtained for us the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Hate Your Neighbor As Yourself

It would seem, however, that humanity, which crowds together in blocks of flats, which works in rows in the factories, and then, for a change, disports itself in holiday camps on vacation, has learned quite a different lesson. My neighbor, or the man beside me in the crowded elevator, is not the person I love and wish to help. No, he is one of those who must be kept at bay, because he is a source of irritation, even while he must be there—lest I find myself alone. "I must hate my neighbor as myself," is the present-day commandment for many. Never must I be alone with myself, for I am (obviously) hateful since I cannot bear my own company. Never must I be intimate with another, lest he prove equally unpleasant. My neighbor is my escape from reflection—but he is also my enemy if he proves an obstacle to my comfort. For there is a sense in which our natural function of loving, or choosing, cannot be denied. It can only be distorted. Love is an out-going energy, but in many cases, before the will can reach out to choose and love, it seems to get caught up and entangled at home. We cannot help loving ourselves, if not with a spiritual love then with a selfish love for our own creature comfort. When, therefore, the will is concentrated on self in this distorted way, it is of necessity that we regard others as enemies, or at least as distractions to our aims. When we are in love, any interruption to our communion with the beloved is to be avoided—even when the beloved is self.

Too Close for Comfort

As in individuals, so in nations, we are finding our neighbor ever nearer to us, and ever more of an obstacle to our comfort. And all because the supply of unselfish love is running out. Many would like to see an end to these inventions that draw us all together so much more closely. Some would almost welcome a bomb which should destroy our ability to make any of these clever things—so that the few who were left might be isolated, living the simple life (and it *would* be simple!) apart from the rest, and in no danger of attack from each other. But this is not the remedy. Disintegration is the work of hate, not of inventions. We must live in the world of today—not in a possible future world. We are here today precisely to preserve today's world, and keep it "savory," by being its ingredient of salt. We are the "other Christs" by which Our Lord has to redeem today's society. So, though men may live like sardines in a can, and we among them, they can be saved from complete disintegration and ruin if we can penetrate them by love, which is the creative agent.

The Seed of Charity

Men seem to have found the secret of living together in hate. They have assembled a code of social behavior by means of which they may go around without constantly committing murder. In fact, the nicest of them acquire the beautiful ability to live in a crowd without noticing any but themselves. The outward responses become automatic, while the inward contemplation (of self) is undisturbed. Shall we upset all this with our program of *love*? Either we change it, or it "dies the death." If we are hoping to save ourselves, we must, inevitably, help to save the world—for we must keep the commandments; we must love our neighbor as ourselves. This, if we do it effectively, will attract at least some in the crowd. If we each infect only the man next to us in the crowd, so to say, with the germ of charity, we shall have started a most blessedly contagious movement toward health.

We must be so full of good will to the rest of men that it will be noticeable and lovable. Our neighbor must know about it, by our actions. Seeing another in possession of a good thing does not always arouse the desire to possess a similar good. It may only arouse jealousy and envy. "How these Christians love one another" is not going to convert the world if charity begins at home *and stays there*. We must be willing to share the gold of our charity. We want to sell our goods to these others—well, we must demonstrate them and offer samples. The modern values must be reversed. We live in crowds, but we must not be isolated

in a crowd. We have not to avoid irritation by shutting our doors, but by opening them. We have to know and understand our neighbors, not criticize them according to their effect on our own particular temperaments. How can we do this, it may be asked, without either becoming infected with the unsupernaturalness of our non-Christian neighbors, or maddened by their unsympathetic outlook? If we admit them into our lives, shall we not lose what we possess of charity, by finding these people merely an excitement to anger and hatred? Or else may we not succumb to their point of view, if we preserve the peace by patience and gentleness? No one can suppose that the Christian way of life in any age or in any circumstances can be easy. It is the way of the Cross, now and always. The world lives in crowds, and there are no available deserts for the Christian. So we must be Christians in crowds, too. How are we to do this? The Church's answer, as so often, is by paradox. To live well in a crowd we *must* live in solitude! In other words, we must live alone with God. There is no other way.

Living with God in a Crowd

There are many pretty pictures we must all have seen at some time or other, presenting the life of the Holy Family in Nazareth. Unfortunately, although no doubt symbolically they are true, outwardly they may give a wrong impression. For they seem to suggest that Our Lady (to whom we must look for our example) lived a life of unbroken communion with her divine Son, undisturbed by any other than the recollected Saint Joseph—which was far from the case. The Holy Family lived the normal life of a Jewish family, at least outwardly. This was by no means a life of solitude. These people had large families, and lived in them. They brought their wives home—to the family. Even supposing them to have had each their own quarters, nevertheless they would all be surrounded by "family" at all times. The life of one was the life of all. We know of Our Lord's "brethren" (indeed, some have been puzzled on this account) who seemed so naturally to accompany His Mother when she went out. But of course—do you suppose she could move one step without the "family"? It simply wasn't done!

Consequently, when we look to our Mother for the instruction and example we need, in this work of practising love, we find exactly what we want, here and now. We find the way to live with God in a crowd. In actual fact, we may even remember that she has taken the trouble to come down to us to remind us—for it is the old way—the tried way the Church always knew. We do this work, and live this life, and save this world around us,

as she said at Lourdes and Fatima, by prayer and penance. We hardly need dwell on the penance of it, you may think—for to many of us it is penance enough to live at all under modern conditions. Sensitive people find the noise and the want of space, to say nothing of the want of sympathy, a positive torture (like the road to Calvary?). But to live with God, like Saint Catherine of Siena, in the cell of our soul, means doing a great deal of penance. For there is so much that we take for granted, yet which is a distraction from this aim. We have to give up these things. Nothing whatever is necessary for us but love of God and love of our neighbor. Everything that will enable us to these ends must be used, and all else must be cut out. As for prayer, we must have our own way to this, suitable to our circumstances. In the days when the fashion was toward individualism (which has led to the selfishness of today) prayer fashioned itself to match. We had the devices of meditation, and many "devotions." But now we have less opportunity for *prayers*—we must do more *prayer*. We have an urgent need for the most concentrated form of prayer—we call it contemplation. This is the simple form of prayer. It is uncomplicated by much brain-work. With the crowds pressing upon us, we have to "pray straight"—no fancy-work!

The author of the old work *The Cloud of Unknowing* tells his pupil to "apply" God to his soul, "as it were a plaster." This is what we need. We must find the "cell" in our soul, where we may retire into God Who waits there for us. He will teach us how to live "naked," detached from everything that distracts us from our work of love. We "breathe in" God in our prayer—and then, by adoration, "breathe out" God—toward our neighbor. Maybe yet we shall find that popular song had its prophetic content—"the more we are together the happier we shall be."

GRACE HURRELL

LORD HAVE MACY

Mr. Business likes the sound
Of sacred Christmas hymning.
We shall have our Christmas trees
And he will do the trimming.

Detachment

Detachment is the most misunderstood notion in the spiritual life. Because it is misunderstood it is often distorted in practise by those who approve of it, and maligned and ridiculed by those who disapprove of it.

What is misunderstood about detachment is that its chief purpose is to make the Christian capable of great love. Generally people regard it as an endeavor to stamp out all love, to make the soul hard and indifferent. As a result they regard it—and justly—as an inhuman, repulsive sort of thing.

Yet detachment is an idea which spiritual writers consider of utmost necessity for perfection. They base their belief on the words of Our Lord: "If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother, yea, and his very life, he cannot be my disciple." The author of the *Imitation of Christ*, and Saint John of the Cross, and all the great saints stress repeatedly that idea: we must count all creatures as nothing, and love God alone. We must lose our love for all men—"our" love—that is, love that is selfish, man-centered, which is apart from God, if not in direct or complete opposition to Him. We are to rid ourselves of such love because if God is to reign supreme in our souls no other love can stand in His way. "God is a jealous God." But we are to lose *our own* love so that Christ can give us *His* love. For the purpose of detachment is to rid us of our imperfect, sin-ridden love for people so that by grace we can obey the great commandment of love: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, with thy whole mind and with thy whole strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Detachment is an emptiness, it is true; but it is an emptiness that is immediately filled. As in the legend a small boy could keep his finger in the hole in the dyke and thus prevent the waters from running over Holland, so an inordinate love of any person (no matter how insignificant a thing that love might seem) can keep the waters of the Holy Spirit from flooding the soul. Detachment removes the obstacles to grace and allows the soul to be flooded with the love of God. It should be emphasized here that detachment is a work of grace. Approaching the subject of detachment we have to approach it in the light of the supernatural; for no human philosophy or process of reasoning could make us realize either the heights to which the soul is called and for which it must be prepared, or the depths of sinfulness from which it must be purified and detached.

We say that the result of detachment is the ability to love a Christ: to love God and neighbor with a supernatural, pure, perfect, all-embracing love. Before we can learn to love our neighbor with the love of Christ, we have to see our neighbor as Christ sees him. Consequently we have to view our neighbor with the eyes of Christ, and judge our relationship with him according to the mind of Christ. But because detachment is a preparation for love and is concerned with the affections and the heart, the person who achieves perfect detachment is the one who exchanges heart with Christ, and forever after loves with the Heart of Christ and not with his own.

This is the most beautiful episode, I think, in the life of Saint Catherine of Siena, of how Christ took away her heart and gave her instead His own Sacred Heart. The taking away of her heart represents the process of detachment; the receiving of the Heart of Christ represents the result of detachment. For after this incident Saint Catherine's love rose to ever greater intensity. Her love for God reached perfection, and she was able to love people—all types and classes of people—with great compassion, warmth, and fervor. Her actions from then on showed the great freedom of love. She was surrounded by devoted disciples, exercised a wonderful influence on Popes and princes, and embraced everyone with her charming charity. How was such love possible? The heart of Christ beating within her was the answer.

This story of Christ and Saint Catherine exchanging hearts has in it all there is to know about detachment. At the same time we are able to deduce from it all the errors and mistakes there can be in regard to detachment. I think it is worth examining it in detail, since we too desire to love with the heart of Christ.

First of all, notice that Saint Catherine is not without a heart. She loses her own, but she gets the Heart of Christ. This is contrary to the first misconception of detachment: that it is *heartless*. Indeed there are people who think they are detached because they are free from particular affections and appear to love no one. They are the ones of whom Péguy writes that "they think because they love no one that they love God." They have caught the negative aspect of detachment. They have rid themselves of inordinate affections. They are spiritual, but they are cold. The flaming love of Christ does not warm those with whom they deal. They appear to sinners and those in need as being without a heart.

The second thing to notice is that the Heart of Christ is a heart of *flesh*. Christ is divine, but He is also human. People who aim to love as He does, with His Heart, will love super-

naturally. But because they strive to lose their own hearts, it could not mean that they lose their humanity or human loves. The Heart of Christ is a heart of flesh, and His love elevates, purifies and perfects human love. Our Lady who was always perfectly detached noticed the very human needs of people: "that they have no wine." And Christ Himself had "compassion on the multitude because they had nothing to eat." His Heart is aware of the human, natural needs of people, and the love of His Heart is a *personal* love for each one, for everyone. Yet this is the second error we make in regard to detachment: we think becoming detached and loving as Christ does, means loving with vague, impersonal love, one devoid of human sympathy and one which no longer considers the particular person and his concrete needs. Everyone is lost in a supernatural blur which we superimpose on our natural feelings for people. Thus I remember we used to say at college about someone we disliked, "I love her with Christian love," meaning "Naturally speaking, I can't stand her." We thought we had fulfilled our obligation. In reality, of course, "Christian" love, or love according to the Heart of Christ, is personal and human. It would have made us discover what is valuable in the person we were moved to dislike, instead of allowing us to nourish our dislike and cover it over with a misnamed "Christian" love.

The important thing about Saint Catherine is that she didn't keep her own heart. It is this giving away of our hearts that is the essence of detachment. Catherine's love only expanded after she had done it. There are people who wish to love everyone, who are sincere in their desire and yet do not see the necessity of becoming detached. They make the serious mistake of thinking that they can keep their own hearts. As a consequence they get into all sorts of difficulties. They are involved in emotional entanglements, they cannot deal with people objectively, they fall into what social work calls "over-identification." Only if we have the heart of Christ can our love be all-embracing, unsentimental and objective, only then can we love everybody, only then can we become "all things to all men," not by identifying them with ourselves, but by seeing their identity with Him.

The last lesson to be learned from this story of Saint Catherine is that she became detached not by *hardening* her heart, but by giving it to Christ. The crabbed spinster who has crushed within her the natural love of children, and the eccentric recluse who refuses to have anything to do with people are not detached. They have held on to their own hearts but have hardened them.

They cannot love. While we aim for detachment we must continually remind ourselves of the most important element: "give our hearts to Christ." Otherwise all the exercises in detachment might become means of hardening our hearts rather than means of losing them.

Means to Detachment

If we agree that detachment is necessary and notice that the saints who were detached and free of heart were at the same time capable of tremendous love, we are next moved to wonder how they achieved their detachment. It is sometimes disconcerting to see lay people that they did it principally by fleeing the world, or by a period of physical separation and solitude. Francis of Assisi, a saint noted for his delightful love of men and remarkable social influence, first of all fled from the world to a cave. Benedict, who was the founder of monasticism in the West and whom we rightly credit with forming pagan barbarians into Christian communities, previously had spent several years as a hermit. Paul the Apostle spent the time following his conversion, before he undertook his active life, in solitude. His apostolic success was due to the fact that he had become detached, that he had completely lost himself and could say, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." We can see that as it is with the saints, so it will be with us. We will find of social usefulness in the Mystical Body of Christ according to the measure we have achieved "aloneness" with Christ.

But there right away is the problem. If physical separation and withdrawal into solitude is necessary for detachment, how can the mother of seven children become detached? Is she to drop everything and leave them? (Undoubtedly she sometimes wishes she could!) Of course the answer is she cannot. Why? Because it is the Will of God that she should be the mother of seven children, and it would be foolish to think that she could become detached in circumstances not in keeping with her vocation. So we and all of us will become detached according to our vocation. If it is God's Will that we are to lead a normal lay life in the world, we will become detached in the world. If it is our vocation to live with people, we will become detached by being with people. It is possible to become detached while living in a desert, but it is also possible to become detached while living in a housing project.

Silence and solitude can be aids in achieving swift detachment. They can sometimes quickly cut the cords binding us to men and things which otherwise would have to fray and wear away gradually. But they are not of themselves indispensable. Detachment is the work of grace, and the Spirit of God can and does employ other

methods to achieve it. Physical separation from men is good if it is the result of our desire to break our attachments and to learn to love truly, but physical separation *of itself* and by itself is not reaching. Certainly most soldiers during a war do not become detached from women just because they have been separated from them! Physical separation is good only if its motivation is good.

Lay people who have the vocation of being the leaven in the world cannot have physical solitude because they cannot leave their environment, but they can become detached. It would be well to say here that while silence and withdrawal are not the chief means for them they nevertheless should be employed at times. Making Retreats and Days of Recollection, and keeping absolute silence even though they happen to be with their best friends, will help to impress upon them the fact that they are to love God first. Such short periods of withdrawal from ordinary occupations and people can be a great help in learning detachment.

The most important daily exercise in detachment is the time spent alone in prayer. This time spent alone each day (preferably in Church) in prayer and recollection serves a twofold purpose. For it is time spent in imploring God's grace without which we could never become detached, and the very act of prayer itself lifts us up from creatures and emphasizes our "aloneness" with Christ. For the brief space of our prayer we leave behind the hundred and one persons to whom we are attached and recognize the supremacy of the love of God. Then when we go back to people after prayer our love for them should have become more purified, selfless and Christ-like. It is in prayer that we develop the right, Christ-like attitude toward people.

There are other efforts we can make to detach ourselves, efforts depending on our own particular attachments and problems. To give a few examples: we can cut down on long telephone conversations (to which women especially are addicted); we can refrain from pouncing on the mail, or cut down on a needlessly voluminous correspondence. We can let the Will of God rather than our preferences decide with whom we should talk or spend our time; we can have lunch with a lonely girl rather than with our personal friends; we can practise detachment when we are at a large gathering and happen to be engaged in conversation with someone who bores us. If we hear sparkling conversation coming from a congenial group nearby, it may be a temptation to excuse ourselves from our boring acquaintance and join them. But it could be an exercise in detachment if we stay. The point is that we have to discover what particular people or circumstances keep

us from being detached and take steps accordingly. The work of detachment is gradual. We cannot rid ourselves of selfish, inordinate loves overnight. Consequently we have to make repeated efforts to become detached as God gives us light to see. If we find that a particular friend is taking up all our time—time that should be spent in prayer or for the apostolate—then it becomes evident where detachment is needed.

Detachment in Marriage

The most difficult aspect of detachment is detachment in marriage. Marriage is the greatest *natural* means to holiness and the source of the greatest human love. But it is because of these very characteristics that detachment in marriage is a problem. In its very nature marriage involves a complete surrender of wife to husband and husband to wife. As the priest says in the exhortation which precedes the marriage ceremony: "Henceforth you will belong long entirely to each other; you will be one in mind, one in heart, and one in affections." How to reconcile this belonging entirely to one another—this attachment—with belonging first and foremost to Christ—with detachment? The answer is marriage "to Christ." But because of the weakness of our human nature husbands and wives can become possessive and selfish in their love. Even for the wife who sees Christ in her husband, who loves him with an unusually devoted marital love, there is the danger that she will rest content in her love for him, see the image of Christ in so far as he reflects it, and refrain from going on to seek Him as He is in Himself. Although husbands and wives reveal the secret of themselves to one another, and in a sense are inseparable (to such an extent that it is difficult for one to be saved without the other) in a deeper sense they each always remain alone in solitude before the Transcendent God. That is a thing they have to be aware of: that as truly as they belong to each other they have to recognize the priority of God's rights over each other. To the measure that a wife acknowledges God's possession of her husband will she truly possess him in God. To the measure that a husband can stand off from his wife and recognize that although she is his she belongs first and foremost to Christ will she belong to Him in Christ. Husbands and wives can give Christ to each other perfectly in marriage only if they have first given themselves perfectly to Christ. Detachment in marriage increases marital love. Married saints would achieve the fullest, richest marital love because they would have the most to share. Their life together would be a sharing of God.

Husbands and wives can make voluntary efforts to love with detachment. A young couple admitted that at first they felt painfully separated from each other when they walked home together in silence after daily Communion. But they found the practise a means of detaching them and purifying their mutual love. A wife can practice detachment by willingly assenting to her husband's doing some apostolic work which will contribute to the common good but which will cut into the leisure time he formerly spent with her. The couple will become detached from one another as their love is purified (not lessened) by the arrival of children. Instead of spending their evenings exclusively in each other's company, as they did in early marriage, the wife is busy putting the children to bed, the husband is occupied with family chores. They both are called upon to sacrifice the pleasure they formerly had when their love was undisturbed and concentrated. Now their vocation calls upon them to become detached. They are asked by the Will of God to give up the selfish aspects of their love that it may become more generous and God-centered. Having a large family is of itself detaching. Frequent pregnancies necessitate periods of continency which can detach husband and wife and make their love more Christ-like. The illnesses of their children can be another opportunity to practise detachment; for children have a way of getting the measles just when the father and mother have planned a night out together.

Detaching Circumstances

Circumstances such as those just mentioned can do more to detach us than any means we ourselves could devise. God's methods of detaching are more effective than our own, and the exercises of detachment which are part of our vocation will generally be found incomparably better than any which are extraneous to our vocation. Thus the couple who, following to the best of their ability the designs of God for Christian families, establish themselves on the land will find the removal from their families and friends (often accompanied by bitterness and ill-feeling) an excellent opportunity to become detached. The apostolate of the Young Christian Worker, calling as it does for self-sacrifice and often for the giving up or curtailing of the satisfactions of personal friendships in order to bring all workers to the love of Christ, is of its very nature detaching. It is a commonplace among lay apostles that sooner or later they have to suffer conflicts and misunderstandings with their families and friends. Who is to say who is more effectively detached—the girl who gives up her Catholic college friends to enter the convent (and generally leaves them

behind still loving and esteeming her) or the girl who makes no such formal farewells of her friends but who is misunderstood and considered queer by them for choosing to be an apostle or live in poverty in the world? This same principle applies in her relationship with her family. She can become detached from them while living with them, yet spiritually separated from them because she has developed different ideals, as surely as she could become detached by entering a cloister. Again, the girl with Christian ideals and a great desire to marry can find in the trouble and suffering she has to undergo before meeting someone who shares her views the means of changing her concept of marriage from something chiefly to satisfy self to the ideal of a state in which to glorify God and give to others. In general, the difficulties young people have in finding suitable mates can be by God's Providence wonderfully detaching. They can cause them to turn to God for their happiness, and consequently become detached and ready for a holy marriage.

The misunderstandings and hurt feelings which seem an inevitable part of human relationships can be marvellously detaching for all lay people, especially the very sensitive ones. It is a fact that we become hurt by people because we are not detached from them. We are seeking our own comfort and satisfaction in them, and consequently become hurt if they do not give us the love and sympathy we exact. A very wise and holy nun once said to me, "If your feelings are hurt, it is a sign that they need to be hurt." There is great truth in that statement. If we are hurt by people, we receive an indication that we are excessively concerned with them, that we have not yet learned to seek our happiness in God alone. We are expecting from people more than they can give. We are not loving them aright, because if we did love them as Christ, we would be too busy caring for them and serving them to notice whether or not they are making a sufficient return of gratitude or sympathy. However, we don't get over being hurt by people by building up a protective wall around us; rather we should be concerned with tearing down the wall (which separates us from people) by detachment, and freeing ourselves to love. Every time we feel hurt by someone's attitude we should turn to God and acknowledge how far removed we are from loving with the heart of Christ. Then we should start anew to try "to seek not so much to be loved, as to love; to be understood, as to understand"; not to get, but to give.

This is especially true for people who live under difficult circumstances: the young married woman who has to live with

er mother-in-law, or the couple who has a furnished room with kitchen privileges. In such conditions which are naturally bad, tensions mount, peace is disturbed and the stability of a marriage is threatened. The only way they can be turned to good advantage is if we resolve to live under them as Christ would live. We have to make up our minds not to be embroiled in quarrels, to overlook people's faults, to view the people we are moved to dislike with detachment, loving them as Christ would love them, seeking to understand and aid them. (It would be well to emphasize here the point that detachment is concerned not only with those we love—that we may learn to love them properly, but also with those we hate—that we may learn to love them.) The "few minutes daily in the parish church," previously advocated, should be the source of strength for us to continue living with those with whom we are incompatible. We should renew our resolve to love as Christ, and we should put our heart in His hands, so that we won't be moved to seek ourselves in our dealings with our neighbor, but to seek Him in them.

No doubt we shall fail innumerable times in our efforts to become detached. It is not easy to learn to love, so wayward are our hearts. But we have to trust to grace to accomplish what is impossible to us, and grace can accomplish this work of exchanging hearts with Christ. This will not be accomplished, however, without great pain. To have one's heart removed is death, but a death to self which is necessary if we really desire Christ to live in us.

Results of Detachment

We already have given the result of detachment: having the heart of Christ love in us. This love brings with it a great many other benefits. God has the chief place in our lives, and loving Him above all things makes us marvellously happy. Then we have another reason for being happy, for we have the love of Christ to give to people and that is a reason for exquisite joy.

The result of detachment is the ability to love everyone, but detachment does not make us love a great deal less those whom we formerly loved in a special way. In fact, because our love is pure we can love them more. Detachment does not limit love, and charity of its nature is unlimited and capable of vast extension. As Christ loves everyone yet loves some people more than others because they bear a greater resemblance to God, so the detached person loves some people more than others. But his love for no one is diluted because his charity is universally ex-

tended. The Heart of Christ within him is a blazing fire constantly spreading.

It is true that the detached person needs no one, and this fact people often misunderstand. It is part of the paradoxical nature of detachment that the detached person needs no one, yet thanks God for everyone. He realizes in a permanent way that God is all he needs, yet accepts gratefully what people do for him. He cares intensely for people, but it does not change or interfere with his happiness if he does not see them, nor hear from them. Yet when he is with his friends he can enjoy himself with gay abandon—like Saint Teresa of Avila who became more witty and loving as she became more detached. Or like the single girl who is detached from marriage and can exclaim appreciatively and with delight over her engaged friend's trousseau. Doing so she knows none of the envy or sadness an undetached girl would have on such an occasion. Having the heart of Christ within, the detached person is immune to hurt or unhappiness.

But that does not mean that the detached person cannot suffer. Detachment disposes us "to rejoice with those who rejoice and to weep with those who weep." Consequently the detached person sympathizes and suffers with everyone, just as he is free to rejoice with everyone. The fact that he no longer is concerned with personal hurts disposes him to suffer selflessly with those who suffer. He feels for everyone—not in a sentimental sort of way, but as Christ feels for them. His detachment from everyone makes for a wonderful union with everyone. He sees the oneness of himself and his neighbor, because Christ is one in them. The identification is complete, and for him, at least Christ's prayer has been heard. For all have become one with him in the heart of Christ.

ELIZABETH WILLIAMS

UN-conscious

The failure and mess

At Lake Success,

Would flourish instead

If they got a Head.

BOOK REVIEWS

Charles de Foucauld

DESERT CALLING
By Anne Fremantle
Henry Holt, \$4.00

Next to Saint Joan of Arc, Charles de Foucauld is the most-talked-of and popular religious figure in France today, especially among the new apostolic groups. He is very little known here, although occasional and exciting references have been made to him for years in the apostolate. How wonderful it is that we should first get real knowledge of him from a book which is, simply, about as good as you could possibly imagine. It is thick and full, clear and detailed, beautifully written and absorbing.

Charles de Foucauld (born 1859) was a French nobleman who lost his faith in childhood and entered into manhood enjoying to the full the material pleasures of his class. He was a glutton, writing home to his grandparents about the choice wines he wanted during his holidays, and finally smoking only cigars made especially for himself. He was fat, slothful and not brilliant in his studies. He was a contemporary of Henri Petain at the famous military school of St. Cyr. Then he served a short time with the French forces in Africa where he was the *enfant terrible* of his regiment, and was finally released because he declined to give up flaunting his mistress in public. By this time he had squandered most of his patrimony and had been put under legal strictures by his family.

Here is the man who may become one of the most influential of modern saints. He had a gift for exploration and geographical precision which led him to a careful and daring tour of the then completely closed country of Morocco. He went through it disguised as a poor Jewish rabbi, accompanied by another who was really such. His observations form a still-famous book studied in military academies. The African silence, the study of Moslem and Jewish holy books, plus the experience of chastity from which he developed a taste for it, led him to a holy priest and back to Christianity. His subsequent life was an ever more perfect imitation of Christ in His hidden and hard life at Nazareth. It led him through the Trappists to the desert again, where he was a famous marabout (holy man) living alone among the Touaregs, the least of the African tribes. By them he was murdered in 1916, as a consequence of the German effort to wrest North Africa from France. The White Fathers are promoting his cause.

De Foucauld seems to have been raised up to point a new way of evangelization in our day. He represents "Christ simply present." His idea was to go among those remote from, and almost pathologically antagonistic to, Christianity, simply to bring Christ there, both in the Blessed Sacrament and in Charles' own presence and charity. He led a contemplative life. He mixed with his neighbors and helped them, but in an informal way. He didn't make one single convert. He wanted followers, but didn't get any real ones until 1933, seventeen years after his death. Now there are several hundred of his brothers and sisters in France and Africa carrying out his ideas. They live and operate in very small groups of five and six. They earn their own living in some humble way, and live frugally among the poorest. Their spirituality is rooted in contemplation. They dress more or less like ordinary people. It is part of a new ferment in the Church, and Charles de Foucauld is its chief inspiration.

CAROL JACKSON

Contemplative Package

THREE MYSTICS: EL GRECO,
SAINT JOHN OF THE CROSS,
SAINT TERESA OF AVILA
Edited by Father Bruno de J. M., O.D.C.
Sheed & Ward, \$7.50

This richly-documented and illustrated presentation of the lives and works of three leading figures of Christian life in sixteenth-century Spain contains so much in-

spiring material that it will be welcomed even by those who disagree—as does the present writer—with one of its fundamental implications. The extracts from the writings of Saint Teresa and Saint John are chosen with care and understanding and grouped to give us a practical synthesis of their doctrine. But it is left chiefly to their contemporary El Greco to give us the visual “initiation into the mysticism of these two great Doctors of Spain.”

When Saint John drew his picture of Christ on the Cross, he “was not trying to create an image drawn from himself and his own resources; he was not creating at all, but surrendering, receiving. . . .” This is the way of the mystic. But *is* this the way of El Greco? He is a dazzling craftsman—and a very *conscious* artist—whose very skills, maybe, helped to prevent him from the very “denudation,” the extreme humility and complete self-oblivion the mystic must know. He is on fire with the torment of the soul struggling upward, still in bondage to the world of the senses; the fire of the soul which no longer knows itself because it is directed exclusively upon its object is quite another fire. Although the editor, at one point, is aware of a distinction between the “mysticism” of El Greco and the mystic *experience* of Saint Teresa and Saint John, in elevating the painter to a rank equal to that of the two saints this book encourages a confusion.

The format of the book is planned with great care and earnest good taste. I find it too self-consciously “aestheticistic” a conveyance for two messengers of humility who concentrated on the Word, not the form. The El Greco reproductions are excellent. Saint Teresa and Saint John *are* together. In what kind of a basket do you like them delivered—or does it really matter?

NELL SONNEMANN

Family Reading

We have something for everyone in this group of books. . . . For mothers there is Mary Perkins' *Mind the Baby* (Sheed & Ward, \$2.00). This is a well-written, readable series of meditations with her baby as the subject. I was a little disappointed in it because it seemed to me that instead of her thoughts flowing from Thomas Edmund to God, Thomas Edmund was carefully fitted into a clever framework for teaching religion, philosophy and the liturgy. It is a charming book but to the mother of many babies it seems artificial. . . . Mother and Dad can both profit from reading to the children Mary Fabyan Windeatt's *David and His Song* (a Grail Publication, St. Meinrad's, Indiana, \$2.00). It is a nicely illustrated story of David with each chapter containing a psalm—a fine introduction to the Old Testament for the children and perhaps for the grownups. . . . Another book for the children which will also be enjoyed by the grownups is Miss Windeatt's excellent *The Parish Priest of Ars* (a Grail Publication, \$2.00) . . . The revival of family prayers has posed a problem for many.

an excellent help is a small book published by Newman (\$2.00) entitled *Morning and Night: Family Prayers for Daily Use*. It contains many prayers, novenas and suggestions for every day in the week; also special prayers for special occasions. We found it too advanced for our young children but, by simplifying it, it has been most helpful.

DOROTHY WILLOCK

New Missal

Sheed & Ward is very proud of its new daily Latin-English missal, in which the English translation is entirely new throughout, with the Gospels and Epistles done by Monsignor Knox. We have been carrying it to Church ourselves for a month to see if their pride is justified. We think it is. It's a nice size, seemingly only half the thickness of the St. Andrew's Missal, is very attractive and liturgical inside, with all the rubrics in red. It has an ordinary for low Mass and another for high Mass (both in the center) and still a third for the Requiem Mass. Its table of movable feasts includes the dates for particular Sundays after Pentecost, and goes up to 1962. It seems to us very reasonably priced considering the rather appalling cost of missals these days. What we do miss are the little biographical sketches of the saints which the large St. Andrew's has. And the thing which we like best is, of course, the new English translations. Day after day it does make quite a difference. Prices start at \$10 for a good plain leather binding, then \$12, \$15 and \$25.

New Magazine

Out of Hong Kong, catering to the Chinese missionary effort now threatened with obliteration by the communists, we have received the first issue of *China Missionary Bulletin* (superseding a magazine called *China Missionary*). It is an 80-page magazine printed on cheap pulp paper. The only thing that is surprising about this magazine is that it is far better than anything similar published here in America. We are a little less surprised than we would be normally, because we happen to know Father Maestrini, its chief, and have already been impressed by his vision and energy. This issue contains an excellent article on communism, an analysis by Father Meyer of Maryknoll on the social apostolate in China, a chapter from Dr. Wu's story of his conversion, and a magnificent editorial on the magazine's role in the current Chinese and world situation. It has also a lot of other features, including an exchange of information about missionary posts in China. This magazine is concerned primarily with the *universality* of the Church, seeing it against the background of the Chinese situation. Subscriptions may be placed through the Maryknoll Post Office, New York (c/o Maryknoll Bookshelf), and are five dollars annually (for ten issues).

Book Notes

The dignity of manual labor is one of the most necessary elements of the Christian revival and its cause has been lately well served by Dom Rembert Sorg, O.S.B., who has written a treatise called *Towards a Benedictine Theology of Manual Labor*. In it he reviews the case for manual labor as conceived by the Church Fathers and Saint Benedict, to show that the modern monastic separation of *ora* from *labora* is not in the

spirit of the founder. This is an exceptionally good treatment on the whole subject of the Christian attitude toward servile work. We wish Dom Rembert would extend the analysis to lay life and publish the whole. What is now done has been duplicated for private distribution. You may be able to get a copy by writing to Saint Procopius Abbey in Lisle, Illinois. . . . Monsignor Knox has done another series of talks for school girls, this time the *Creed in Slow Motion*, which has the same gentle and informative charm as the one on the Mass (Sheed & Ward, \$2.50). . . . Another of the Newman series is this time his *The Development of Christian Doctrine* (Longmans, \$3.50), which is the great answer both to those who want to over-simplify Christianity on a "primitive" level because the accretions of Catholic doctrine have corrupted it, and to those who have thrown over faith for reason. . . . Anyone who finds it hard to keep his Christian bearings in an age of fierce political loyalties had better read the calm and Christian admonitions of Cardinal Saliege of Toulouse to his people during the war years (*Who Shall Bear The Flame?* Fides, \$1.75 and \$2.75).

Song of a Christian

Sing merrily, birds, at noon, at morn;
Sing merrily all day;
For Jesus Christ, the Savior, born
For sinners on Christmas Day.

Sing happily, brooks, over sand and stone;
Happy in sun and shade;
For the God Almighty, Who stands alone,
Was born of a village maid.

Harp softly, softly, wind in the wood;
Sing gently at evening-tide;
For the sweet Christ suffered upon the rood,
On the bitter tree He died.

Ring clarion-clear, ye mountain-heights,
For the tall Christ He trod
On Tabor's crest, all wonder-bright,
In His Father's glory shod.

Sing loudly, lustily, Sons of Men,
Sing mightily all the way;
For Christ in the Host is now, as then,
Our Guest at break of day.

SR. ST. FRANCIS, S.S.J.